

COLEMAN MINER

Assembly by
Beaday
Soon

Volume 2, No. 19

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, May 14, 1909

\$2.00 Yearly

The Palm Fresh Vegetables

Lettuce Spinach Radishes,
Onions, Florida Tomatoes,
Rhubarb and Asparagus.

Fruits

Pineapples, Blood and Pet
Oranges, Bananas, Grape
Fruit and Washington
Apples.

Do not forget that we still
carry a full line of fresh
Confectionery.

White Clover Honey

W. L. Bridgeford

THE Pastime Pool Room

Is the place to spend
your leisure hours. All
admit that more pleasure
is derived from a game of
Pool or Billiards than any
other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest
grades of imported Cigars
and Cigarettes. Our line
of Pipes, Tobaccos and
smokers sundries is com-
plete.

We solicit a share of
your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd
Street
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

YOU Must be interested in
what I have been able
to do for you. I have
just opened out a parcel of direct
importations from one of the largest
securities in the world. Usually you
pay \$3.00 for a gold filled Brooch, I
am to day selling a solid gold gen
Brooch for \$2.40, solid gold Necklets
with real pearls and various items. My
stock is too large for a small town but
the prices are sure to catch all buyers
in the Pass, in fact it will make buy
ing a pleasure. Cannot describe my
stock so please call and inspect, all
welcome

Alex. Cameron
Watchmaker, Optician
and issuer of Marriage Licenses

T. Ede
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC
Blairmore Alberta

E. Disney
Contractor and Builder

Plans and specifications
prepared, estimates given
on all kinds of buildings.

Brick, Lime, Builders' Supplies
Lumber of all Kinds

COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and
Around This Bustling Town.

You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items of
interest which they may be able to furnish
us for publication. Phone 64A, P. O. Box 75

J. E. Upton of Pincher Creek spent
Monday in town.

WANTED.—A general servant. Ap-
ply to Mrs. LYON, Blairmore.

Dr. Talbot was visiting friends at
Michel and Fernie this week.

T. Belcher, R. N. W. M. P. inspec-
tor, visited his Coleman flock this
week.

H. N. Galer, vice-president of the
I. C. & C. Co., Ltd., was in town on
Wednesday.

Lloyd A. Manly, proprietor of the
Grand Union hotel, went to Calgary
on Sunday night.

J. F. Povah left for Spokane and
Victoria on Saturday last, in the interest
of his company.

Lewis Stockett, president of the
Western Coal Operators association,
was in town on Thursday.

Rev. James Sargent will conduct
Baptist service in the Oddfellows' hall,
Coleman, on Sunday at 11 a.m.

Honore Jaxon of Mistawasis, Sask.,
came down from Fernie on Saturday
last, returning to Fernie on Tuesday.

Robert Evans, who is acting vice-
president of district 18 of U. M. W. of
A., was in town from Taber this week.

H. W. Mills was up from Bellevue
on Sunday last, in his usual pleasant
mood, shaking hands with friends.

Rev. Mr. Sutherland of Blairmore
will occupy the pulpit at the Institutional
church here on Sunday evening
next.

P. L. Naismith, general manager of
the A. E. H. Bay & Inspiration Co.,
Ltd., came up from Lethbridge on
Thursday.

A football match will be played here
on Saturday evening between the
home team and Bellevue. Kick off
at 6:45 sharp.

Rev. A. E. H. Bott of Fishburn
will conduct Divine services in the
C. of E. church, Coleman, on Sunday
next, at 11 a.m. and at 7:30 p.m.

The interior of the Institutional
church has been nicely kalsomined and
painted, this week, by the members of the
church. Thus giving it a
very improved appearance.

Mrs. McNeil of Blairmore will be
at Mr. Rogers' millinery parlors
on next Tuesday afternoon, and every
Tuesday following, with a large stock
of new and up-to-date corsets.

Rev. T. M. Murray will conduct a
preparatory service for reception of
members, at Lille, on Friday night.
He will also conduct holy communion
at the same place on Sunday evening.

For Victoria day, May 24th, the
Canadian Pacific Railway Company
announces a rate of fare and one third
for the round trip. Tickets will be on
sale May 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th,
good to return until May 26th.

At a preparatory service held in the
Presbyterian church on Friday even-
ing last. Seventeen new members
were added to the church—ten on
professional faith and seven from
other congregations. As can be
readily seen, this is the evangelical
efforts bearing fruit.

William Evans is having a large
residence erected on the corner of
First street and Dunsmuir avenue.
Mr. Evans expects that the Great
Northern Railway Co. will build into
Coleman near his new building, which
he will eventually turn into a first-
class hotel.

Edward Kiely attended the council
of Knights of Columbus which was
established at Cranbrook, B. C. on
Monday. About one hundred knights
from Lethbridge, Calgary, the
Pass towns, Spokane, Vancouver and other
places were in attendance. A banquet
was tendered the visitors late in the
evening at the Cranbrook hotel.

Dr. Westwood returned to town on
Saturday evening last after spending
three weeks on his large fruit ranch
at Princeton, B. C. The doctor has a
good ranch at Princeton, and the
prospects of it becoming one of the
best orchards in British Columbia are
good. Mr. Nathan is very busy just
now devoting his energies to tree
planting, and already there are about
four hundred trees planted.

STRONG RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY MINERS

At Mass Meeting Held at Frank, Sunday Last—
Acting Pres. Evans Severely Criticises Actions
of the International Board Representatives

PRESIDENT F. H. SHERMAN NOT IN ATTENDANCE

On Account of Ill Health—Honore Jaxon Speaks
on Behalf of Farmers—R. Evans Contradicts H. H.
Smith and Corroborates Newspaper Reports.

Additional Coleman Locals

Those who attended the dance
which was given in the opera house
here, on Friday evening last, report
having an enjoyable time.

On Saturday morning after Scotty
Hume had taken two suit cases to the
pullman car on the eastbound express,
he hurried to get off the train which
by the time he had left the car was
going at a very fast rate, and in doing
so he came very near ending his life.
He stumbled and fell, striking his
head along side of the oil box and one of
the wheels, bruising himself considerably.
He was picked up in an unconscious condition and was taken
when surgical aid was administered.
That train is a bully when one man
tries to stop her and this was proven
to Scotty. He is now much better.

The football match which was
played here on Saturday afternoon
last, between the home team and
Coal Creek, provided much excitement
for the spectators. Some of the
Coleman players say that the referee
acted very unfairly to the home team.
Be this as it may, Coleman players
have too often tried to overrule the
referee's decision in many kinds of
games played here. Unless those of
our residents who participate in those
games act more sportsmanlike, Coleman
players will not come in for much
consideration from outsiders. This
game, however, resulted in two to nil,
in favor of Coal Creek.

SPORTS

Victoria day celebration at Cowley
this year promises to exceed all previous
occasions. Some of the features of
the day will be foot racing, horse
racing, football, polo, baseball and
boxing and wrestling matches.

Before a crowd of 20,000 people at
New York, last Saturday, Vives, of France,
was second and Crook, of United States, was
third. Marple, of Sweden, was second and
Marple, of Winnipeg, Simpson, a
Canadian Indian, and Dorando, of
Italy.

At Montreal, on Saturday last, the
long-looked-for race, between Shrub
the fast little Englishman and Longboat,
the Canadian Indian, took place.
It was a grand race and Shrub
held on to the lead of Mr. Morgan's
district alongside of Mr. Morgan's
district along the 13th mile but at
this stage of the game the Indian
loosened up a little and although
Shrub tried hard to increase his lead
he failed. Longboat gained about 40
yards before the finish. Shrub was
up with a lead of 425 yards, badly used up
while Longboat was quite fresh.
Time, 1:23.37. Longboat, according
to the press reports, was celebrating
in good style before the race commenced.

Jaxon Explains His Attitude
Mr. Jaxon said in part: It is from
the standpoint of the settlers on the
prairies that I have been investigating
this coal difficulty during the past five
weeks, and am now present at this
meeting. As I understand it, this
meeting is a public one, open to all
classes and interests without reserva-
tion or favor, and intended as such to
secure the widest possible expression
of opinion from each and all of the
interests affected by the present non-
continuance of coal mining. The
farmers' interest in this coal stoppage
is undeniably a vital and pressing interest,
and I therefore take it that my
right to speak in this meeting, from this
impartial point of view, will not be
questioned by any intelligent and
reasonable person.

Now the most obvious interest of
the farmer in this three-cornered
questioned is not simply a humani-
tarian interest in the effecting of
justice and equity as between coal
operator and coal miner—although
that humanitarian interest is of
course not by any means an unimportant
one—but it is to be found mainly
in the more material question of how
to ensure a steady and unbroken
supply of coal not only for domestic
use in our homes but also for those
still more pressing occasions of seed
time and harvest, upon which the
commercial, not less than the agricultural
prosperity of the country so
largely depends.

For the ensuring of this feature of
permanence and certainty in our coal
supply it seems to me to a man up a tree
as that the concluding of an agreement
which shall be mutually satisfactory
to the high contracting parties is
vital and essential; and it would also
appear that for the attaining of this
condition of mutual satisfactoriness,
the conducting of negotiations in a
fair and straightforward manner, and
(Continued on page 5)

DUNCAN C. DRAIN MARRIED

A very pleasant event took place at
New Westminster, B. C., on Thursday,
the 29th inst., when Duncan C.
Drain, proprietor of the Blairmore
hotel, Blairmore, was united in
marriage to Miss Josephine Albert,
formerly of Blairmore, but late of
Pincher Creek.

The happy couple will visit Vancouver
and other places of interest before returning to Blairmore
where a great reception of tin cans,
tin pans, stove pipes, wagon tires,
rice, old shoes, circular saws, drums,
flutes, tin whistles and a host of
friends await them. It is expected
that Mr. and Mrs. Drain will arrive
about the end of the week when the
big celebration will take place which
promises to make a 12th of July cele-
bration in Ontario look like 30 cents in
comparison.

Mr. and Mrs. Drain are very popular
in Blairmore, and their many friends
wish them a happy and successful
voyage through life.

ROD AND GUN

Variety is the dominating feature
of the May number of Rod and Gun
in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor,
Woodstock, Ont., in accord with the
season there are some good fishing
stories, while hunting receives
such a full share of attention that
moose, deer, bear, wolves and wild
geese all have particular stories given
up to them. Two fine exploration
papers—an illustrated review of Mr.
Tyrell's book, "Through the sub-
Arctic of Canada," and one by Mr.
Dickson describing a personal trip
through Northern Ontario—give us
some little idea of how much remains
to be done in exploration work in
Canada. If future numbers are as
good as this birthday issue—and we
are assured that not only will the high
standing be kept up but efforts made
to improve upon it—there can be no
doubt at all as to the future of Rod
and Gun. The magazine has now
secured for itself a position not easily
to be shaken.

From last week's issue of the
Pincher Creek Echo we clip the
following account of Rev. T. Taylor's
thrilling adventure near Pincher
Creek, about two weeks ago—Last
Sunday Rev. Taylor, of Frank, had an
experience he will not forget. He
left Pincher Creek for the station, at
Dobbies' Coulee, not knowing the
proper crossing, he got into a hole and
was thrown out of the buggy. He
unhitched part of the harness and the
horse struggled free of the rest and
regained the far bank. To secure the
horse he walked a mile west and
crossed the bridge and coming back
found the horse and led it to Pincher
station. By this time the congregation
had dispersed and borrowing a
saddle at Robbin's livery he rode to
Pincher Creek. He was in the water
up to his shoulders and had his wet
clothes on from 2:30 to 9 o'clock.
Parts of the harness are missing as
well as the buggy cushion. The buggy
was left stranded in the creek.

It required five flat cars composing
a special train to haul the longest
single piece timber flagstaff in the
world to the grounds of the Alaska-
Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle
where it will be erected in place by
the Washington society, Sons of the
American Revolution.

Fishing Season

Is now opened

All kinds of Fishing Tackle
selling at lowest prices

We have just received a consignment of crockery

A carload of FURNITURE is on the way

Every Thing in Hardware

Coleman Hardware Co.

When Betty Was Lost.

By LULU JOHNSON

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Strang, sitting in his big touring car, watched with lay interest the tiny figure of the child tolling up the hill. He was fond of children, all sorts and varieties; but there was this elfin delight in this independent young wayfarer that appealed most particularly to him.

She could not be more than five, yet she carried herself with a knowing little air that beamed her timid eyes and her rosy, quivering mouth, while her smart frock and fetching hat indicated comfortable circumstances.

He forgot that Danvers was half an hour late for their appointment. He never neglected to think about a certain nice pose image for the past week had dimmed his thoughts almost completely.

To his dismay, as the child was opposite him, she sat down upon the steps of a high stooped house and began to cry, not loudly and with a wild display of grief, but quietly, as if she were keeping back the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

In an instant Strang was out of the car and knelt on the stoop beside her, seeking to learn the cause of her grief.

"I guess I'm lost," was the plain reply, "an' there isn't any policeman to find me."

"Perhaps I'm as good as a policeman," she said, with a shudder, he thought of that dainty child's spending the day in some dingy police station. "How were you lost, and where do you live?"

"I was wif muver," was the halting explanation. "She come in on the trolley, an' when we changed I was lost, an' then I tried to find Aunt Mollie, but I guess I'm lost too. I can't find her here."

"Where do you live? In the country?" he asked hopefully. If they used any particular trolley it might be easy to trace her people.

"On the green trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."

"I guess we can find you then," declared Strang cheerfully. "You jump into my car and I'll take you out

another might be clamoring at the police station for her child, and a general alarm sent out at once might cause him to be apprehended. With an anxious face he turned to the child to see a smile, and the self possessed little one replied with a smile. "We might look for Aunt Mollie, she lives close where you found me. She can tell where I live. If you stop where the cars stop you can get to her place from there."

Sidney Strang accepted the suggestion thankfully, and after treating the child to a cup of hot soda he headed the car to town.

He sent it along at the best speed limit, wondering how he would explain this semibludom should the police have been warned.

He breathed more freely when he entered the city again, and presently they were at the transfer point for suburban trolleys. From her seat in the car she seemed able to pick up landmarks and, promptly, sighing with regret, was back to the window, which she declared to be her aunt's. Sidney drew to the curb and alighted to lift the little traveler down.

"It was a terrible nice ride," she declared. "I wish I lived miles away."

Sidney scarcely echoed the wish, but pulled the check that was offered for his car and turned to climb into the car.

At this instant he heard an exclamation of surprise and turned to look into the glowing eyes of the rosy girl he wanted to know the girl of the box party.

She had caught the child up in her arms, laughing and crying simultaneously. Sidney decided that she was the "Aunt Mollie" to whom they had searched and raised his hat.

"The kiddie lost her way," he explained. "I ran out to Mount Holly in the hope that she might be able to locate her home, but the effort was unavailing, and at last she remembered that she had come this way from the transfer station to the house."

"Lost!" The girl laughed nervously. "Betty," she added, "do you mean to say that you made this gentleman take you to Mount Holly?"

The child nodded her head and looked fearlessly at the other girl.

"Betty has a passion for automobiles," said Strang, "and has an inexplicable fear of it. And she will not have any more to do with me."

"On the green trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."

"I guess we can find you then," declared Strang cheerfully. "You jump into my car and I'll take you out

corner.

Betty went out to play with a little friend and not until the other little girl called back where she was did we realize that she was not safe at the Rawlings home.

"Jimmie Rawlings," said Strang quickly. "Jim and I are great friends. May I ask him to bring me to call some time? Then I might have an excuse for taking Betty for a ride without compunction, for she has lost on her doorstep. It was just around the corner that I found her."

"She deserves no more rides," was the severe declaration, but Sidney offered an emphatic negative.

"I shall feel that she deserves many rides," he declared boldly, "if you will act as her chaperon."

The pretty girl flushed, but a glance at the eager face of the child decided her.

"Ask Mr. Rawlings to bring you over," she consented. "I am Alice Farkins, by the way, and I am sure that Betty—*and I*—will be very glad to go riding."

"I'll come tomorrow," promised Sidney as he climbed into the car. Then as he drove off down the street he assured himself that Betty should be forgiven and have a daily ride, for she had found for him the girl of girls.

Changed Her Name.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called on a legal friend of hers, a widower, to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "when the late Mr. Pigg died he left all my fortune, much to my satisfaction, to me, but he handed it over to his daughter, Mrs. Lloyd-George and Churchill, no one will fully know."

"Now and then, I am Alice Farkins, by the way, and I am sure that Betty—*and I*—will be very glad to go riding."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must execute what you call dead poll to get it right."

"'Em—or?" he hesitated, as if wrestling with a great legal problem—"un'er—er," but an easier way is to apply to a person, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she apprised that evening for another consultation.

The Miserable Moors.

The lives lived by the Moors are without perhaps any exception the most profligate and miserable that can be imagined. Their chief is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed and can never pay, the rich are squeezed to all he possesses, while those only care to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor should he attempt to do so, and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the energies of the law.

Somehow the child with her flower-like face reminded him tantalizingly of that older girl whom he had seen sitting in a box at the theater a week before.

Strang had questioned several of his friends between acts, but no one seemed to know her, and he had spent his leisure time in vain in trying to find some trace of her.

He was not permitted to enjoy his thoughts long for the child soon forgot her troubles in the delight of riding, and her very evident pleasure delighted Sidney, who even dared arrest to let the speed out another notch when the child begged to go faster.

But when they had come to the end of the hill and she had not recognized any familiar landmark the situation turned serious.

Perhaps even now a hysterical

HE IS THE IMPERIAL WHIP

SIR ALEX. ALCAND-HOOD A MIGHTY MAN.

Chief Whipper-In of the Unionist Party in the British House of Commons is a Famous Huntsman and a More Famous Handler of Men When Divisions Make Thing Exciting in Parliament.

A tall, soldierly-looking English gentleman, with ruddy-pink face bristling moustache, and kindly eyes; an active cavalryman of fifty-five, with hair parted in the middle, the slightest possible stoop in the shoulders, the quiet air of a man of the world, a well-tempered voice, and a fitting in and out unobtrusively from behind the Speaker's chair, or of stepping in to survey his men and his opponents—from the swinging doors of the Bar of the House—such is Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, M.P., Chief Unionist Whip.

The fox—or the man—needs to be sly indeed to escape the vigilant eye of this man with the fine red tan in his face and the never-alive-in-his-mind well-tempered head.

The great art of the party Whip is to be able to whip a listless M.P. into due attendance at critical or important times without letting him know it is being whipped. At this Sir Alexander Acland-Hood is a past-master.

Fighting son of a fighting family, Sir Alexander has fought foes abroad, the rebels in the Town and Oxford, and in 1853, the young and bold M.P.'s, educated at Eton and Oxford, he entered the army in 1875. He served with the 1st Dragoon Guards and the Guards, and was riding through the Egyptian campaign. Out of the war he brought a medal with clasp, the Fifth Class of the Medjidie, the Bronze Star, much honor, and other marks of it.

He was in the 1885 and the present political Whip in command of a body of troops fighting the fire that threatened the Tower of London. He won.

After Balaklava and the Redan, this tall, determined-looking soldier and gentleman went out to Australia as aide-de-camp to the governor-general—a rich succession of trainings for an Imperial Whip. Then he came in to the family estate down the West Country, and rode across great open stretches and range over a constituency forty-five miles wide, and "saw up" the strength for severe yet delicate work in Westminster.

Fighting son of a fighting family, Sir Alexander has fought foes abroad, the rebels in the Town and Oxford, and in 1853, the young and bold M.P.'s, educated at Eton and Oxford, he entered the army in 1875. He served with the 1st Dragoon Guards and the Guards, and was riding through the Egyptian campaign. Out of the war he brought a medal with clasp, the Fifth Class of the Medjidie, the Bronze Star, much honor, and other marks of it.

He was in the 1885 and the present political Whip in command of a body of troops fighting the fire that threatened the Tower of London. He won.

After Balaklava and the Redan, this tall, determined-looking soldier and gentleman went out to Australia as aide-de-camp to the governor-general—a rich succession of trainings for an Imperial Whip. Then he came in to the family estate down the West Country, and rode across great open stretches and range over a constituency forty-five miles wide, and "saw up" the strength for severe yet delicate work in Westminster.

Here is a typical "day" of Sir Alexander when his party is in power. He is at the Whip's office, a drab corner of drab-looking Downing Street, a silent, sombre man, intent on the problems that baffle in the correspondence of the chief Government Whip, a "Patronage Secretary to the Treasury." Then through a labyrinth or two with the Prime Minister for a quick lunch and a long stride over to the House by a quarter to three.

He walks in from behind the Speaker's chair with a swift glance of the eye at his cohorts on the green benches, and then, with a smile, thinks much. His eye can take in as many men with a glance as some people's can with a long stare. He has only strolled in with his hands on his hips, with an air of leisurely and carefree gait, but he has made a quick turn up to duty with a violent turn. But it was good for them all. And in a long period of party danger Sir Alexander averted a crisis.

"The worst of it is," said Acland-Hood one day, "I can see the Speaker of the House of Commons is a man who is not safe at the Rawlings home.

"She deserves no more rides," was the severe declaration, but Sidney offered an emphatic negative.

"I shall feel that she deserves many rides," he declared boldly, "if you will act as her chaperon."

The pretty girl flushed, but a glance at the eager face of the child decided her.

"Ask Mr. Rawlings to bring you over," she consented. "I am Alice Farkins, by the way, and I am sure that Betty—*and I*—will be very glad to go riding."

"I'll come tomorrow," promised Sidney as he climbed into the car. Then as he drove off down the street he assured himself that Betty should be forgiven and have a daily ride, for she had found for him the girl of girls.

AN ANCIENT TAG DAY.

How Eton Schoolboys Collected Funds on Whitson Tuesday.

Hon. David Laird Has Been Chief Adviser of the Indians.

Hon. David Laird who is recently arrived in Ottawa to fill a position in the Indian Department of an advisory character, was until recently Indian Commissioner in Winnipeg. The chief there has been absent. He was Premier of Prince Edward Island before entering the Cabinet as the first Minister of the Interior in the Macdonald Government in 1873. In 1878 he returned to become Indian Commissioner, with headquarters at Battleford, at that time the capital of the Northwest. Then the Macdonald Government sent him off to the royal enclosure of montem in his "Eton in the Forties."

The origin of montem is buried in oblivion. The first accounts of its practice date back to the time of King Henry VIII. Its object was to gather contributions to the king's "leper" who led his class, and who was called "captain of montem." The "collegers" of Eton are the students representing King's College on the foundation established by the royal endowment of the school.

On Whitson Tuesday the boys of the school, dressed in picturesque costumes, formed a procession to collect the money of the day. The chief captain, who was chosen by the boys of the school, was of course the montem captain, who had been elected to place in the Whitson offices during the past ten years.

To the boys all the funds collected through Whitson day were given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

It was the gathering of the boys that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of them were called "salt-bearers" and another a force of 12 boys called "runners." All were dressed in gay, and often beautiful costumes. Each boy carried a painted staff and a satin money bag, and when the day was over given.

THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF.

How Eton Schoolboys Collected Funds on Whitson Tuesday.

Hon. David Laird Has Been Chief Adviser of the Indians.

Hon. David Laird who is recently

arrived in Ottawa to fill a position in the Indian Department of an advisory character, was until recently Indian Commissioner in Winnipeg. The chief there has been absent.

He was Premier of Prince Edward Island before entering the Cabinet as the first Minister of the Interior in the Macdonald Government in 1873.

In 1878 he returned to become Indian Commissioner, with headquarters at Battleford, at that time the capital of the Northwest.

Then the Macdonald Government sent him off to the royal enclosure of

Montem in his "Eton in the Forties."

The origin of montem is buried in

oblivion. The first accounts of its

practice date back to the time of

King Henry VIII. Its object was

to gather contributions to the

king's "leper" who led his class,

and who was called "captain of

montem." The "collegers" of Eton

are the students representing

King's College on the foundation

of the Northwest Territories.

There is reported from

the Indian country that the

chiefs of the Indians

gathered together and

paid to the king a sum

equivalent to the amount

</

A GRATEFUL WOMAN

Tells of the Remarkable Cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought in Her Case—
Had Undergone Four Operations Without Help

When women approach that critical period in their lives known as the turn of life, they do so with a feeling of apprehension and uncertainty for in the manner in which they pass that crisis determines the health of their entire life. During this most important time in the life of a woman, her whole aim should be to build up and strengthen her system to meet the unusual demands upon it. Devotion to family should not be neglected at all. The hard work and services of household duties should be avoided as far as possible. But whether she is able to do this or not, no woman should fail to take the tonic treatments offered by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will strengthen her body and fortify her whole system, enabling her to pass this critical period with safety. We give the following strong proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly doing for suffering women.

Mrs. Margaret Wood, Schenectady, New York, two years ago became a victim to the troubles that afflict so many of my sex, in the very worst form. The doctor in charge neither through medicine nor local treatment gave me any help, and I decided that I must have a cure if it was to have any relief. During the next two years I underwent four successive operations. During this time I had the attention of some of the best physicians. From each operation I received some relief, but I ended up short duration, and then, I droned back into the same wretched condition as before. During all this time I was taking medicine to build up my system, but with no avail. It was reduced to a mere skeleton, my mind was tortured, my bones down. My blood was of a light yellowish color, and I was so far gone that I took spells in which my lips, fingers and tongue would seem paralyzed. I cannot begin to express what I suffered and went through in those two years. I was completely discouraged and thought I could not live long. Then on the urgent advice of friends I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after some weeks, gradually, the better I continued to feel. The pills for several months, gradually growing stronger and suffering less, and in the end found myself once more a well woman and enjoying the blessing of such good health as I have had for two years. I now always keep these Pills in the house, and after a hard day's work take them for a few days, and then always have a good life and energy in my body. I sincerely hope my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in New York, and will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brooklyn, Ont.

Polite Youth—"You acted awfully well, don't you know?"

She—"The audience didn't seem to think so. They did not applaud a bit when I came off the stage."

Polite Youth—"Oh, but I am sure they were awfully pleased."

In your version of the story the other fellow makes a poor showing.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Hall's Cataract Cure. To be paid in New York, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, know of known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Drug-gists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Several years ago the late Sir Francis Lockwood got a personal physician in India. Some time afterward the Judge met him and said "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good job!" "Yes, my lord, was the answer; "I had three offered me, and I think I selected the best."

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited. Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought which Harold had not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings.

"I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you are ill. Harold, mother, will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, mother," said the soldier, "I am not ill. I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."

Harold's Wish

A though there was no sort of toy which could be bought which Harold had not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings.

"I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you are ill. Harold, mother, will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

MEDICAL COLLIERS.

How They Cure Blindness and Set Broken Limbs.

To Scotland belongs the peculiar distinction of having produced quite a number of men within the past few years who, without any medical training whatever, have effected cures which have baffled the skill of the cleverest physicians and surgeons of the day.

In our recent review of the reminiscences of Lady Priestley, who has been a widow for 30 years, we find that she was one of the greatest doctors of modern times, mentioned was made of Haughey, a Highland peasant, "who wrought such marvels surgical cures as have been known to no man in the whole country."

Haughey reminds one of William Rae, the Blantyre "Miracle Worker," who, five years ago, astounded the world with his wonderful results in bloodless surgery, a work in which Haughey excelled. As a boy Rae worked the pit-head, but the mysteries of anatomy always had a great attraction for him. At a tender age he exhibited a wonderful power over bones and joints, and practiced amongst his acquaintances who were right-angled in the course of time, and in the course of time, pests in the different offices, we think it is not enough to turn a man full scholar simply because he has 4 inches collar on and a fine tie. It is particularly suited to the delicate skin of children. While a powerful healer, it is also highly antiseptic. Applied to a burn, a cut, a scald or any other sore, it instantly dries the skin, and removes all danger of festering or blood-poisoning, or inflammation. At the same time it stimulates the cells to great activity and fresh, healthy skin is rapidly produced to repair the damage. Fifteen cents spent on a box of Zam-Buk has saved scores of people as many dollars, to say nothing of saving hours of pain!

Consumption Must Go.

Dr. Latham, a noted London physician, gives the "white plague" a life of 30 or 40 years longer, at least, while the disease of consumption, tuberculosis will have disappeared as completely in civilized countries as have leprosy and cholera.

Medical science has suppressed many deadly diseases in connection with this striking reduction of the end of consumption. Smallpox, which was once as rampant as cholera, has been suppressed, which makes it a great service to the passengers, which is given sometimes a passenger pay double fare. The passengers should also be ferried in good instead of wasting their valuable time."—Standard of Empire.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

In Outlying Parts of Empire They Are Sometimes Very Great.

The editorial chair in some of the smaller Outposts of Empire must at times be anything but an easy one. We arrive at this generalization after perusing a journal from the Gold Coast, the district correspondents of which appear to have modelled their contributions on Ruskin's famous three-part system, or Dr. George Rover's 300 page production. One correspondent has, a sentence which begins: "Now leaving that subject as has been apparently exorcised from the Government to see to, to prevent vagrants and undesirable individuals who promptly rush into offices, flattered themselves to be they what they are right-angled in the course of time, and in the course of time, pests in the different offices, we think it is not enough to turn a man full scholar simply because he has 4 inches collar on and a fine tie. It is particularly suited to the delicate skin of children. While a powerful healer, it is also highly antiseptic. Applied to a burn, a cut, a scald or any other sore, it instantly dries the skin, and removes all danger of festering or blood-poisoning, or inflammation. At the same time it stimulates the cells to great activity and fresh, healthy skin is rapidly produced to repair the damage. Fifteen cents spent on a box of Zam-Buk has saved scores of people as many dollars, to say nothing of saving hours of pain!"

Oldest Parish Clerk.

Amongst England's centenarians, one of the most interesting is James Carter, who is 100 years old, and who, looking forward to celebrating his 103rd birthday on May 3rd next. For over half a century Carter has carried the duties of verger and parish clerk, and has failed to effect the change which his son has brought about in half an hour.

Another wonderful Scottish bloodless surgeon is James Wallace, of Tayport, Fifeshire, known as the "Blacksmith's Bone Doctor." Wallace has had a career of 50 years, and has treated over 10,000 cases, which are quite as remarkable as those performed by Rae. For the past forty years he has made use of his extraordinary knowledge of the human body to bring about a cure which has failed to effect the change which his son has brought about in half an hour.

Carne, the Oldest Parish Clerk. The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his enlightened companion.

"Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked.

"Many's the time," replied the unlightened one.

"Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?"

"Nix on de hydro."

"Is it a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia the thought of water makes him sick."

"Is it on de head? Youse ain't stringin' me."

"It is a scientific fact."

"Den I bet I've had it all me life. an' I never knowed wot was de matter wid me!"

There is no greater luxury than the possession of a friend that understands you.

A thorough Pitti.—To clear the stomach and bodies of impurities and irritants necessary for their action is irregular. The Pitti that will do this work satisfactorily are Porcini Vegetables, which are mild, in taste, and in action, and are recommended that their wearers rarely remember them at the close of the day.

After a hard ride, these depend on a strong meal, and a drink of the unpeasant village of Flea-ton. "Red licker" is what they have, and they will have it if they want to, and it will make them feel better. But they do not have to. Tying their mounts to the post before the Bob-Tail Plaza Saloon, and then a long walk in with a matted imprecatation and call for ice-cream sodas. Then they ride home, and Flea-ton never knows where the bachelors, within his boundaries, the worst gang of "bad men" in all the north country.

Some brands of charity seem to bear the earmarks of selfishness.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

She—How conceitedly that man talks. Is he an actor? He—No—Never heard of that! He's an amateur actor.

Mask Oyster Dressing.

One cupful of celery leaves and bread minced, one quart of bread crumbs, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, or to suit taste; enough liquid from fowl to moisten bread.

Break eggs with a wooden spoon, add bread, mix well together, add a cupful of oil for oyster dressing. Be sure and use leaves of celery, for they give the flavor of oysters.

Some brands of charity seem to bear the earmarks of selfishness.

Is Your Back the Weakest Point?

Does it play our first when you have steady work to do.

Look for other indications that the kidneys are to blame and obtain cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

Many a man finds that his back is his weakest point and does not know why.

He cannot do heavy work and even light work, if continuous, leads to an aching back.

Under these circumstances you can be pretty sure that the kidneys are weak and disordered and that the back pains are really kidney trouble.

Other symptoms are deposits in the urine after standing, pain and smarting when passing water, frequent desire to urinate, also headache, dryness and harshness of the skin and pains in the limbs and back.

If your physician company finds these symptoms present they will not insure your life. Isn't this sufficient indication that there is danger ahead?

Backache soon disappears when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used and kidney disease is thoroughly cured by this treatment.

You can find positive proof of this statement in almost every community in this country, and here is a letter very much to the point.

Mr. G. E. Tryon, Leeds, Ont. One year ago—"Two years I was completely laid up with pain in the back and could neither walk or ride. I tried many medicines and the doctor's treatment did not help me."

"A friend told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and this medicine completely cured me. I have never had a lame back or kidney trouble since and my cure has been the means of selling many boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers or Dr. Edward Bates & Co., Toronto.

BABY FELL ON TO THE STOVE

in

Mr. T. E. Dougall, of 229 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"My little girl was arranging some of her doll's washing on a clothes-rack beside the stove, when she fell, and her hand being thrown out to try and save herself, came in contact with the side of the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her cries and screams were terrible."

"I sent out to the druggist for the best remedy he had on a burn. He said there was nothing to equal Zam-Buk, and sent back a supply of it. I applied it, and it soothed the pain quickly that the child lived through her tears. I bound up Zam-Buk frequently and, each day applied Zam-Buk and, like a charm, the pain disappeared. The child is now a happy, healthy baby, and I am grateful to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for this cure, and would recommend all mothers to keep Zam-Buk handy for emergencies like this."

This is good advice, Zam-Buk, being particularly suited to the delicate skin of children. While a powerful healer, it is also highly antiseptic.

Applied to a burn, a cut, a scald or any other sore, it instantly dries the skin, and removes all danger of festering or blood-poisoning, or inflammation. At the same time it stimulates the cells to great activity and fresh, healthy skin is rapidly produced to repair the damage. Fifteen cents spent on a box of Zam-Buk has saved scores of people as many dollars, to say nothing of saving hours of pain!"

Had All the Symptoms

The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his enlightened companion.

"Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked.

"Many's the time," replied the unlightened one.

"Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?"

"Nix on de hydro."

"Is it a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia the thought of water makes him sick."

"Is it on de head? Youse ain't stringin' me."

"It is a scientific fact."

"Den I bet I've had it all me life. an' I never knowed wot was de matter wid me!"

There are names in that band which carry terror over the whole country-side where they are known, but they are not to be found in game that is to be had in the summertime, does.

Mounted on a steed he issues forth in the direction of Flea-ton. This is no longer I. B. Lucas, M.P.P. for North Grey, and chairman of the Provincial Conservative party, but One-eyed Mike, the Committee of Demon Gulch. "He's side ride such members of his family and close friends as have stood hearts enough to ride with him when there is desperate work afoot."

There are names in that band which carry terror over the whole country-side where they are known, but they are not to be found in game that is to be had in the summertime, does.

After a hard ride, these depend on a strong meal, and a drink of the unpeasant village of Flea-ton. "Red licker" is what they have, and they will have it if they want to, and it will make them feel better. But they do not have to. Tying their mounts to the post before the Bob-Tail Plaza Saloon, and then a long walk in with a matted imprecatation and call for ice-cream sodas. Then they ride home, and Flea-ton never knows where the bachelors, within his boundaries, the worst gang of "bad men" in all the north country.

Some brands of charity seem to bear the earmarks of selfishness.

Story of a Baby Contest.

Everybody knows John Ward in the district west of town. He is a regular old quilter and is great at picnics, tea meetings, concerts, etc.

The joke is on John once in a long while only.

On one occasion at a rural picnic in West Lambton he gave an address and took occasion to offer a prize of \$2 to the mother of the best looking baby on the grounds and selected as the judges his friends, Messrs. F. Parker and E. L. Lester, of the Liberal and Conservative candidates respectively, for West Lambton. These two astute politicians brought in the report that the eight babies in the competition were all of sufficient merit that they should decide that each should receive a prize, and they elected the donor to pay \$2 to each of the eight mothers.

John promptly met the situation by informing the judge that the child could not be sent to clear duty in that way, and appealed to the audience to decide the matter. He won out with the result that the two politicians were out eight dollars each.

Conductor—Say, don't you know better than to get off the car while it is in motion?

Passenger—Well, why didn't you tell me your old car was in motion?

Some fellows when referring to their ancestry, are quite correct in making mention of their great descent.

Because a man happens to be extravagant in his love is no sign he will ever come to want.

APPRECIATION.

I heard a piker grouchin' yesterday

cause they was shy on beauty in this town.

I guess he's never watched the sun

go down.

Strikin' some high white buildin' on

Just like a reg'lar spotlight in a play-

An' leavin' all the rest a deep, dark

With big black shadows hangin' all

Just servin' notice Night had come to

stay.

That rummy owns a bang-up auto

car.

His house is like a mansion in the

skies.

An' he was puffin' at a big cigar;

You'd think a guy like him could use

his eyes.

At the same time frames things up the way

they are.

They aren't a kid to put him

wise.

—From Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead

by James P. Hawson.

His HEART is YOUNG.

I. B. Lucas, M.P.P., Never Seems to Grow Up, Say His Friends.

For a decade now, Mr. I. B. Lucas, member for North Grey, has been the Peter Pan of the Ontario legislature. He has probably never referred to grown-ups. He has not aged a minute since he was introduced to the House as a new member of the Opposition, and his friends say that he actually looks younger and less responsible than he did when he was first called to the Bar.

Believe it or not, Mr. Lucas has spent most of his time in the town of Markdale cultivating the sciences of law and citizenship. But when these begin to irk, as they frequently do, he finds a relief in the game that is to be had in the summertime, does.

Mounted on a steed he issues forth in the direction of Flea-ton. This is no longer I. B. Lucas, M.P.P. for North Grey, and chairman of the Provincial Conservative party, but One-eyed Mike, the Committee of Demon Gulch.

A few weeks ago Mr. Lucas, the

best known member of the legislature

in the province, was invited to

the church to jumped his finger excitedly.

"Who does you, my brother, r'ar

up 'an' snap yo' fingers when I speak

uv you?"

"Who does you, my brother?"

"Who does you, my brother?"</

41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE, "

FRANK, "

BLAIRMORE, "

COLEMAN, "

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

TEMPERANCE HOTEL

PACIFIC HOTEL

Is the place to stop when in town. Good accommodations for travellers. We have a large sample room.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms
able unsurpassed in the WestMrs. J. McAlpine
Proprietress

Hotel Coleman

MUTZ & MCNEIL, Proprietors

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily
Special Rates Given by the Month

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe
and guaranteedSparkling Wines
Scotch Whiskey
Brandy
Gin
Ports
Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINER

Published by The Foothills Job Print and News Company, Limited
Subscription \$2 per Year in Advance
Advertising Rates on application
J. D. S. BARRETT, Editor and Manager

Coleman, Friday, May 14, 1909

DISTRICT LEDGER TAKES A CAT FIT

In its issue of the 8th inst., the "District Ledger," of Fernie, B. C., undertakes to call the MINER several choice names such as "rag" and "back fence sheet," and accuses us of standing in with the "bosses" for the sake of a little "cheap" job work, and many other things too numerous to mention. The poor "Ledger" has a decidedly hard row to hoe and of course we cannot expect but that the editor will be a little bit off his oats these days.

Just think of the MINER publishing a letter which stated that president Sherman had been expelled from the Socialist party three times, whereas he was only dumped out twice. The "Ledger" contends that there is not even one lonesome miner who is not in accord with Sherman's rash act. Of course the "Ledger" only expresses the opinion of one man just as the strike represents the interests of the same lonesome individual.

The MINER claimed that had the affairs of the union been in the hands of some broad-minded sensible individual that the policy would have been to negotiate first and then in case of failure to get a fair deal, and after all peaceful means had been exhausted to strike. But instead of this the little "Czar" thought that he could bulldoze the operators and called a strike against the wishes of the men and without due consideration. The following from the "Ledger" proves conclusively that the MINER hit the nail on the head: "At a board meeting held on Wednesday, it was decided to ask the department of labor to appoint a board of conciliation as provided by the Lemieux Act, and president Sherman was named as the representative for District 18." This is surely putting the cart before the horse; the result of hot-headedness and rank-misjudgment. If president Sherman had the interests of the men he represented at heart he would have allowed the miners to continue work pending the decision of a board of conciliation; and we are quite inclined to think that some "team" effect—the loss of thousands of dollars to the workers as well as the companies and general public would have been avoided.

The "Ledger" speaks of how Sherman's action was endorsed at the Fernie convention but neglects to say that 60% of the delegates to that convention were from mines not affected by the strike such as Fernie, Carbonade, Michel, Frank, Taber etc. It did not cost these fellows anything to be agreeable.

The fact that the International board of the United Mine Workers of America has refused to endorse the action of Sherman. In calling a strike, is another evidence of the total lack of good judgement on the part of the little "Czar." The "Ledger" may continue to make its mis-statements regarding the feelings of the idle men—but this does not alter the fact that 60 per cent of the men were in favor of the Macleod agreement and are more anxious now than ever to go to work under these conditions.

In conclusion we wish to say that this "little rag" is not dominated by the mine operators or any other organization except its own. Any criticism we made was for the good of the country at large and not with a view of injuring the miners' organization. We consider that we have done the miners a good turn in showing up the futility of one man rule, and the poorest kind of rule at that.

In conversation with many of the leading miners we were told that among the right thinking men our action was heartily approved of and that the only kick they had coming was the fact that more newspapers with the courage of the MINER, were not in existence throughout this section of the country.

Will the person who dictates to the "Ledger" explain why the International board refused to help district 18? Why you are asking for a board of conciliation now instead of before the strike began and why you would deprive the worker of his daily wage after he voted for work? Does the president and other leaders' salary go on while the men go in want? If the salaries of these men were cut out during times of trouble it is safe to say that their "think machine" would do better work.

BLAMES SHERMAN

Nelson Daily News, May 12th—D. V. Mott, of Fernie, arrived last evening and leaves this morning for the coast. Mr. Mott said that the feeling as regards a rapid conclusion of the coal strike is highly optimistic in the coal strike is highly optimistic in the

board of conciliation has been formed it is thought that the government will order the miners back to work and settle the differences after. The feeling among the men said Mr. Mott, was to a great extent similar to that of the general public who put the onus of blame for having caused the strike upon district president Frank Sherman. The miners generally appear to be willing and anxious to return to work.

LEGAL TANGLE STILL ON

Several lots were sold in Blairmore during March for which titles were promised at once. The certificates of title not having been received aroused the suspicions of the purchasers who took steps to locate the cause of delay. The land office at Calgary, upon receipt of inquiry, promptly informed the interested parties that a "caveat" filed by H. E. Lyon, was still in effect which forbade the sale or transfer of the lands in dispute. The action of McKenzie's agent in accepting money and promising titles in the face of this legal tangle requires a little more than an evasive answer.

A prominent citizen stated a few days ago that he would either have a clear title or the refund of his money without any further delay or know the reason why.

NOTES

The session at Ottawa will likely close next week.

John Herron, M. P., has the reputation of being able to secure more from the government than any other opposition member in the house. Honest John has both the tact and ability.

Pugsley, another of the Laurier ministers, who filled his pockets at the expense of the people of Canada, refuses to resign. The only qualification necessary to ensure the support of the great Sir Wilfrid is the ability to guff and face the music.

Greenwood Ledge:—When you hear a man snoring at the local paper because it is not as big, cheap and new as the city papers, you can safely bet that he does not squander any of his wealth in assisting to make it better, and generally the paper has done more for him than he has for it. The man who cannot see the benefits arising from a local newspaper is about as much value to a town as a delinquent tax list.

What's the matter with the administration or our criminal laws in Canada. Out of five murders committed in the Pass, only one man has been hanged and another gets a few years with good grub, for killing two. Now we have the mysteries of the Kent, Kinrade, Lennox and James murders in the provinces east of us, to clear up with prospects very much in favor of the criminals. Surely there is something wrong with our laws or else with the men who are administering them. Laurier is too busy saving grafters to devote anything to the saving of life.

What's the matter with the administration or our criminal laws in Canada.

Estimates given
free of charge.
All work done
promptly.

New Jewelry Store

J. B. Carlson
has opened up a Jewelry Store at
Pincher City, Alberta
and is prepared to
do all kinds of repair-
ing on short notice.

All work guaranteed. A trial
is all I ask. Prices reasonable

J. B. Carlson

Pincher City Alberta

T. W. Davies

Builder and Contractor

Estimates given
free of charge.All work done
promptly.

Repairs of All Kinds

Real Estate

Fire, Life Insurance

General Brokerage

Business

If you want to buy, it will pay you to look over our list.
If you want to sell, it will be to your advantage to list with us. **8**

If you want to insure, we can give you the choice of a dozen of the best companies.

If you want an Ideal Fruit Farm in the famous Okanagan Valley call on us.

D. J. McIntyre
Post Office Building

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in
The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

JUST RECEIVED

The Coleman Miner have just received a large shipment of Stationery, Invitation, Business, Visiting and Memorial Cards, Programmes and Pencils, Bill Heads, Statements, etc., etc., in fact, our stock is nearly as large as that kept by many of the large city printing establishments. This, with our own workmanship, will enable our job department to retain its good name for doing high-class printing.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST
LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land office in the town or city in which he resides. Entry by proxy may be made at any time by mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along his road. Premium \$100 per acre.

Must reside six months in each of three years from date of homestead entry including the time spent in the actual cultivation and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his home rights may apply for a second homestead and may take a purchased homestead in section. Premium \$100 per acre.

Must reside six months in each of three years from date of homestead entry including the time spent in the actual cultivation and cultivate fifty acres extra.

W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this adver-

Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

D. THOMPSON
ADVOCATE AND NOTARY PUBLIC
Solicitor for Canadian
Bank of Commerce.
Main Street
PINCHER CREEK - ALBERTA

DR. HEWETSON
Office: 2nd Door East of Hudson's
Bay Store
Hours: 10-12 a.m., 2-4 and 7-8 p.m.
Sundays: 12 to 2 p.m.
At Pincher City by appointment, only,
after 4 p.m.
PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA

DR. J. J. GILLESPIE, M.D., C.M.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR,
Office and rooms in Scott Block
up stairs over furniture store.
Phone No. 69
PINCHER CREEK - ALBERTA

DR. J. E. WRIGHT
DENTIST
Modern Dentistry in all its Branches.
Best Antiseptic Methods.
Office in Scott Block
PINCHER CREEK - ALBERTA

C. E. Turcot, M.D., B.S.
Physician, Surgeon
Late resident physician of Maternity
Hospital, Quebec. Late of Paris and
London. Office: one door east Label
block, telephone 5.
Pincher Creek Alberta

John R. Palmer
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Scott Block, Room 5
Pincher Creek, Alberta

Farmers!
when in need of
Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Etc.,
call at
Taylor Lumber
& Grain Co.,
Pincher City Alberta

W. P. Laidlaw
Hardware and Groceries
PINCHER CITY

Hardware
Formaline and Bluestone.
Spring Goods will be to
hand shortly.
Groceries
Fresh goods arriving
every week. Give us a
trial.
Pincher City Alberta

A Large Assortment of
Watches
Alarm Clocks
of all descriptions
and at all prices

Repairing a Specialty

F. W. LINDSAY
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Jeweler
and Optician
Pincher Creek Alberta

When in Town call at the
Alberta Hotel

which is now under new
management. A hotel
which makes you feel at
home

The Farmers' and Ranchers'
Headquarters

Excellent Table
Bar Up-to-Date

F. M. Collins,
Proprietor
Pincher Creek Alberta

PRES. SHERMAN AND C. MACLEOD

STRONG RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY MINERS

(Continued from page 1)

without taint of indirection or "strategy" is equally essential.

My own experience in life has taught me that there is no pleasure or satisfaction from a contract unless the other party to that contract is also satisfied with it. Any condition of this is sure to lead to attempts of evasion on the side of the party finding himself at a disadvantage when the smoke of negotiations has cleared away; and for this same reason, the last position of the party whom the contract favors is apt to be worse than the first, since it will be a position of everlasting warfare to defend the "rights" thus unfairly acquired.

It is alleged that in the negotiations evinced in the so-called Macleod proposals, a considerable amount of sharp practice was indulged in, and that this alleged despotism to rely upon cunning rather than upon equity has not yet been eliminated.

In this connection I have been strongly impressed by a motto which I observed on a letterhead of the miners' union which was recently shown me. This motto was "No dispute is settled permanently until it is settled right."

If that motto shall be consistently and rigidly lived up to by both the main parties to this controversy, that third party which is composed mainly of us settlers on the prairies will have little cause to fear any future stoppage of coal supply so vital necessary to the up-keep of our steam plows and threshing outfitts on the great treeless plains.

And, on the contrary, if this policy of open and fair dealing shall prove to have been violated by either of the main parties, then we farmers will know where to place the blame.

My own investigations have included this point and also the average cost of getting a ton of coal out of its bed in the rocks and putting it on board the cars—my object in this quest being to discover whether or no the element of exorbitant profit or exorbitant transportation charges has got something to do with the troubles and trials entailed by this controversy upon our farmers' communities. To this end I have made careful enquiry not only among the miners but also among the coal operators. Of the latter element I have interviewed quite extensively the representatives of the mines controlled by the so-called "James J. Hill" interests, and also to some extent the C. P. R. coal mining people and have invited further statements from the same side of the controversy. I expect shortly to make public the results of these investigations so far as they seem to be stabilized by the evidence.

The transfer of the Mercantile business to a new company takes place on the first of June. In the meantime a big "stock reducing" sale will take place.

A thoroughbred Newfoundland dog arrived from the Island last week and is spending his time at the Mercantile.

Many old timers, including J. Scott, C. Farrel and A. Grant, many others were seen in town this week. All have come to stay.

The transfer of the Mercantile business to a new company takes place on the first of June. In the meantime a big "stock reducing" sale will take place.

C. P. R. survey parties have been running lines through the village this week with a view of changing the road bed, so that the heavy grades may be cut down.

"You can't ride a bucking horse you dub." "You're a——I can and I don't want any more of your——biff, bang, biff——enough and it was all over." —Blairmore, May 10th.

Foreigners were seen returning home a few days ago with a bag of grouse. The game guardian has been advised and any further violation of the law will be severely dealt with.

A party of Blairmore young people while returning from the dance at Coleman, Friday night, had the misfortune to get spilt out when shooting the chute of the new famous Alberta government high-water wagon-road, just east of Coleman. Damages for lost bark and injured feelings will be asked for by the parties who were "so interested."

"The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be the most beautiful fair the world has ever seen," said Admiral Robley E. Evans, better known as "Fighting Bob," after a visit to the grounds in Seattle.

It required ten carloads of lumber to build the Japanese exhibit structure at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. The building occupies an area of 16,000 square feet.

Notice to the Public

I take this opportunity of informing the residents of the Pass that I am prepared to collect accounts, rents, etc. Anything in this line entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Commission will be charged for affidavits, houses and shacks to rent.

H. GATE, Coleman

FOR SALE.—Plain stationery, good quality, at bargain prices. At Coleman MINER Office.

Trade at the Store
that serves you best.

That is here.

Morgan's

Greater Stock with
greater values than
ever

PINCHER CITY, ALBERTA

C OMMENCING Monday, January 11th, we will offer the following prices on seasonable goods. We are overstocked on some lines and will give our customers a price unequalled in the district. We say unequalled because we know they are lower than the prices quoted at any sweeping reduction or clearing out sale.

Gents' Furnishings

A complete stock
which includes all the
new things.



Your Winter Suit

We have in stock 60
Suits in Tweeds of
excellent designs at
prices ranging from
\$7.00 to \$10.00

Broadway Suits

In Scotch Tweeds
West of England:
Worsts, and Seiges
at prices that will
fit your pocket book
Prices from \$12.00
to \$22.00

Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats, \$4.50 and \$6.00
Men's Overcoats, \$7.00
\$9.00 to \$15.00

Slippers

Men's and Women's Felt and Felt-Lined Slippers
Ladies, your choice of all kinds at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00
\$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00

CAPS

All winter caps
regardless of value \$1.00 cents

Riding Boots

McCreary's Riding Boots
Surveyor's Tan Boots
\$11.00

Heavy Rubbers

W. McCreary's
Rubber Goods
\$1.00

Boys' Underwear

In sizes 24 to 32 at

75 cents per suit

Felt Shoes

Men's Elims all felt, sizes 6-11	\$1.95
Women's " " " 3-7	1.55
Misses " " " 11-2	1.15
Childs " " " 8-10 tipped	1.00
Infants " " " 4-7 tipped	.90

All winter caps
regardless of value \$1.00 cents

Riding Boots

Surveyor's Tan Boots
\$11.00

Heavy Rubbers

W. McCreary's
Rubber Goods
\$1.00

Boys' Underwear

In sizes 24 to 32 at

75 cents per suit

Some may sell cheaper grades at less price, but
none will equal the above prices for a similar
article, special sale on otherwise

R. W. Morgan & Co.

PINCHER CITY, ALBERTA

Keeping Groll Off the Grass.

By HENRY BERLINGOFF.

Copyrighted, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.

Stub Relley was willing to admit that the "old man" was a more important figure in the office than George Fielding, but the rock itself could not bring him an admission that any one else loomed so large, least of all Douglas Groll, the junior partner.

Gerritde had strolled his office the first day the boy had come into the office, and since then he had done nothing to cause a reversal of Stub's opinion.

Fielding was a wholesome sort of chap whose very capacity for making friends had won for him a place of authority in the office of Sommers & Groll. Every one liked him. The boy adored him and would have gone to the end of the earth at his order.

Stub had even raised from the dead his mythical grandmother to bury her at a more auspicious moment because Fielding had hinted that there was a lot of work to be done even if the "Chancery" was playing a game of "let the ball roll." Greater tribute than this no small boy can pay.

Naturally when Gerritde Vance was looked upon with especial favor by Fielding she became the chief goddess in the office.

Mr. Sommers' sonorous call of "Patriot" sometimes went unanswered, but the boy fairly jumped to Miss Vance's defense, the greatest call of "Sister" and would sharpen her pencil or bring her a fresh set of carbons before he answered the increasingly impatient call of the head of the firm.

And because Fielding cared for Gerritde it angered Stub to notice the familiarity with which the junior partner treated the little typewriter. Gerritde could not understand these traits of kindness without losing her place, and she could not afford to do that when she and Fielding were saving up every penny against the time they should find some tiny sub-ham home suited to their modest income.

They were working hand in hand toward that end, and she could only pretend to be interested, but that rested carelessly on her shoulder whenever Groll stopped at her desk to give an order or ask a question.

Stub instinctively sensed his embarrassment, and he gritted his teeth impatiently whenever he saw Groll moving toward the typewriter's corner, viewing with boyish intensity that he would get even.

He watched Groll with a quiet attention, that permitted no move to escape, and that resourceful business man would have been surprised had he realized how much Stub knew about his personal affairs.

He was about to get hold of some bit of information that he could use as a club, but Groll grew more and more daring in his attention with the girl fearing to speak to Fielding.

Groll always was particularly offensive when Fielding was at the bank. The firm had two branches up-town, and every morning the receipts from these branches were brought down by the trusted clerks and turned over to the cashier, who accepted the credit slips without question and passed the packages to the bank with his own deposit by Fielding. The packages of bills were made into brick shaped forms and sealed at either end. The messengers were trusted employees, and there never had been the slightest inaccuracy.

Stub loved to watch the arrival of the packages. It was his ambition to be a messenger himself some day and to carry a revolver under license from the police.

The bulge in the messengers' coat-pockets filled him with envy, and he was saving his tips with the idea of purchasing a revolver of his own again that happy day when he should be intrusted with one of the leather satchels chained to the messengers' wrists.

Then came a day when Groll went into the cashier's office, and as soon as he and Sommers went to the cashier's cage. Hero the two, after a brief consultation with the latter, went toward Fielding's desk.

"I tell you that I saw him make the exchange," Groll was saying as they moved toward the closed desk. "I was in the cage for a moment and saw him handing over his desk."

"What exchange?" asked Sommers of the cashier, and the latter nodded an unwilling assent.

"He had a bottle of medicine that he wanted to put there. He had a bad cold."

The cashier carried the bunch of keys that were duplicates of all the keys in the office, and as he found the key that fitted Fielding's desk. As the roll top was raised to release the catch that held the drawers locked Stub could not refrain from drawing near. The trio did not notice his approach, so interested were they in the investigation.

With an exclamation that sounded very like a grown Sonnen's drawl from the boy's throat, he realized that he was unmistakably the deposit from the North side branch, and with trembling hand he reached for the sharp envelope opener that lay upon the blotter.

"I've had my suspicions for some time," announced Groll jubilantly. "I happen to know that Fielding is planning to marry Miss Vance, and he has been speculating with what they call

their 'building fund' for some time. He planned this move to get back his time gain enough to buy a home. I was watching him carefully, and today my suspicions were aroused."

"The money is not counted here in the office, and he planned to place the blame on the cashier or the messenger and go scot-free."

Stub grimmed at the jubilation of Groll's voice, and stood on while the latter to observe the proceedings. Sommers had sitt the wrapper that the seals might be preserved intact for future reference, and all three men gave an exclamation of surprise when, instead of the bank notes, Sommers drew out sheets of crisp bond paper cut to sheaf size.

"I suppose he never failed him," suggested Groll, who was the first to break the silence.

"Never nothing," interrupted Stub. "I was wise to your game. I had the switchboard when the girl was out to lunch, and I was rubberin' on the wire when you told Mr. Beekman to fix the package today like the one he gave you. You were trying to get Mr. Fielding out of the office so you could break off the engagement, and maybe Miss Vance would go to lunch when we have sever'd connection.

Announcement

I beg to announce to the Officers of Western Municipalities and School Districts that in future all negotiations for the purchase of debentures shall be carried on in my own name, and not in the name of my former representatives in Regina, with whom I have severed connection.

William C. Brent
Canada Life Building, TORONTO

Otherwise Engaged

Mrs. Tiptop—"I am sorry you were not at my birthday last evening." Mrs. Highup (coldly)—"I received no invitation." Mrs. Tiptop (with a smile)—"I am sorry, 'cause I am a widow now." Mrs. Highup—"So that is where they were?" Mrs. Tiptop—"I am sorry, 'cause I am a widow now." Mrs. Highup—"So that is where they were?" Mrs. Tiptop—"I am sorry, 'cause I am a widow now."

Tommy—"Teacher, may I go out to sneeze?" Teacher—"That is unnecessary, Tommy. You can sneeze in here without disturbing anybody."

Tommy—"I expect you never heard me sneeze."

"I was wise. I swapped packages on you, an' it ain't your fault that Mr. Fielding ain't comin' back from the bank tellin' that the North Side packing was a fake. You didn't know me switch it; you didn't even know I was in the cage, but you know all right that's why it is that you got that same package you thought you was givin' Mr. Fielding. I'm there, too, when it comes to handlin' lemons and quince."

"Telephone Mr. Beekman and your friend Moran to come down here at once," commanded Sommers. "Groll, you know best whether or not to make arrangements to sell out your interest in the business."

"I needn't send for Beekman," said Groll sullenly as he laid his shoulder and danting hand upon Stub's shoulder. "You can let Vamperson buy me out if you want to. This devilish kid is too smart for his own good. If you let a word out about this I'll kill you," he added as his nervous fingers tightened their grip on Stub's shoulder.

"Forget it," admonished Stub. "I put a 'keep off the grass' sign on Miss Vance, an' that's all I was after. I guess that goes."

At a sign from Sommers, Groll released the boy and followed his partner into the private office to arrange the details of the sale.

Now Sommers' eyes had noticed the boy's group, and as Stub hitched off to his desk he looked at the trim figure of Gerritde Vance seated at her machine.

"I wish I was big enough to marry her myself," he mused, "but it's the next best thing to see her marry Mr. Fielding. Anyhow, I just had to keep Mr. Groll off the grass. He's too fresh—that guy."

Hia Noble Works at Home
"Don't you feel like it?" said Groll, and unashamed as he tied the kitchen apron firmly around his waist and tucked his whiskers behind the bib to keep them out of the dishwater—"I am not too old for this kind of work, but I am not too old for this kind of work, and as externally as internally for many complaints—don't you think that we are carrying this idea of co-operation in domestic matters to extremes? I have been washing dishes for a week now, and between times I have been doing laundry, and reading books I cannot find in the Bible, any authority for men's doing kitchen work, but women are frequently spoken of in this connection."

"She looked well to the ways of her household." She worked willingly with her hands. "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household." The young Sommers, would seem to warrant the conclusion that household duties should properly be assigned to the woman."

"My dear," replied his wife, "if you will pursue your studies you will find in II Kings xxi. 13, these words: 'I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and making it upside down.' Do you think that you are doing the work designed for you by Providence?"

When you are through be sure to wash the towels clean, shake them and hang them straight on the rack. Death, you know, lurks in the dishcloth. I am now going out to attend a meeting of the Society for the Extension of the Microbe by Means of Electricity."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Comedy of the Post Card.
A man in an obscure town, whose business had failed to find favor, sent this letter to an editor:

"Dear Sirs—This is a small place where I live, and whenever a story of mine comes out in the larger villages I am sorry. Now I know you don't want the enclosed manuscript, but I am sending it along just the same, and I am sending it to you, and I beg you to repeat to me. The postmaster will read it, of course, and I need not tell you that with the exception of the town I shall know when it comes that my manuscript is rejected, and that you will not give me the chance to make it over again. I know what you will say it will be all over the town. I shall know when it comes that my manuscript is rejected, and that you will not give me the chance to make it over again."

The post card had been carefully typewritten and self addressed. It bore these words:

"Dear Sirs—The manuscript received and accepted. Will write you fully regarding it as soon as possible. It is \$10 a satisfactory price." Yours truly,

EDITOR OF LITERATURE.

—London Answer.

Bacon's Philosophy

The reverent philosopher, Francis Bacon, says: "To conclude, therefore, let no man out of a weak conceit of sobriety or an ill-applied moderation think or maintain that a man can search too far or be too well studied in the books of God's word, or in the school of the world; divinity and philosophy, but, rather let men endeavor to achieve an endless progress or proficience in both." We have people among us who would promote in the twentieth century the obscurantism against which Bacon protested in the sixteenth.

Lincoln and Reed on the Tariff

When Abraham Lincoln came to Washington to take the oath of office in March, 1861, he said, in Ithaca

"The tariff is a question of nationalism: housekeeping; it is to the government what rendering; the meal itself is to the table."

Then B. Reed once said:

"Did a perfect tariff bill ever exist?"

Oh, yes. Where? Why, in your mind of course. Everybody has a perfect tariff bill in his mind, but unfortunately a bill of that character has no extra-territorial jurisdiction.

John Bright used to tell how a bar

her who was cutting his hair once said to him: "You've a large 'end, sir, it is a good thing to have a large 'end, sir, a 'large 'end' means a large brain and a 'large 'end' is the most useful thing a man can have, as it nourishes the 'puff of the air.'"

"Your husband plays poker a great deal, doesn't he?"

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkin, "he doesn't play much."

"What prevents him?"

"The fact that pay day does not come oftener."

It often happens that a woman can't accomplish much at night because of coaxing her children to go to bed, and can't get much done in the morning because of coaxing them to get up.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of misbehavior. There is a constant of merit for the child, and the punishment for the child is a constant of punishment. Many of these were presents, and one of the finest of them all was a gift from King Leopold of the Belgians. But probably the most majestic and remarkable gift consists of the programs of all the theatres and operas at which he has been present for many years past. These number some hundreds, and are given to the public gratis. The King is a great admirer of the arts, and has been a frequent visitor to the theatre in every city he has visited.

Mother (to a married daughter)—"What's the matter, Clara? Why are you crying?"

Clara—"Henry is so awfully cruel. He is getting worse and worse every day, and I am afraid he will get rid of me now." He told me that I can't stand the cook; he couldn't stand her cooking any longer. And he knows well enough that she has not done one bit of cooking for a fortnight, and that he can't do it all myself!"

Mother (to a married daughter)—"What's the matter, Clara? Why are you crying?"

Clara—"Henry is so awfully cruel. He is getting worse and worse every day, and I am afraid he will get rid of me now." He told me that I can't stand the cook; he couldn't stand her cooking any longer. And he knows well enough that she has not done one bit of cooking for a fortnight, and that he can't do it all myself!"

After the school days, one might well remember that a diploma is not an insurance policy against failure.

Mr. Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Mr. Wm. Bell, Falkland, B. C., says: "I have five little ones ranging from one to eleven years of age, and when any of them are ailing I always give them Baby's Own Tablets, which always brings prompt relief." Do you think that I can get rid of the cook; he couldn't stand her cooking any longer. And he knows well enough that she has not done one bit of cooking for a fortnight, and that he can't do it all myself!"

After the school days, one might well remember that a diploma is not an insurance policy against failure.

Mr. Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

You make a mistake if you think that poverty means only the lack of gold. Its worst form is a poverty of thought and ambition.

In the evening of life the want of things material is easily righted, but the poverty of mind is beyond all repair.

Fine days sometimes come under the head of spring novelties.

A great many uncalled for remarks reach the dead letter office.

The wild world of greed and gold the invisible will be just enough to give every man his due.

Duty is one of the most overworked words in all the language. Duty is the cold and bare anatomy of righteousness.

"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause."

"True," said the opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

"I was very angry just now when Bleeker asked me for \$10 that I owed him."

"But why did you get angry?"

"I found it much easier to get angry than to pay him."

Strength is the force of man, and influence is the force of woman—that influence which the suffrage sneers at.

Miss Ingenuo—"Garter! Oh, dear! what a funny place to wear it! Why, I wear mine."

Aunty—"Hush, darling."

A burglar may not be a man of iron, but he is a man of steel.

Duty looks on life as a debt; love is always dreaming about the collection of that debt.

It's better to mend your ways before you go broke.

If a man ever speaks the truth, it's when he's angry.

Stories of the Earl of Durham.

The Earl of Durham, the new Knight of the Garter, is noted for his (M.A.P. who) he made an amusing speech in which he said that he was not greatly impressed by his high title. "If I go to a railway station, he remarks, 'and want to get a car, I'll take you for 7s. 6d.' I always accept the title and the 7s. 6d."

As a boy, Lord Durham was very fond of practical joking, and on one occasion, the story goes—he was the means of frightening his mother. When the earl was quite a lad his twin brother were taken to the seaside, and one day he was sent to the beach to go to the water. So given to the sea, he was soon up to his waist in the waves and to his shoulders. His mother, who was a woman of great strength, ran to him and said, "Come away, you must not go to the water."

"Now, mother," he cried, "you must come to catch me." So happy was he in the water, he was unable to come out, and his mother had to wade into the sea and bring him safely to the shore.

Nearly every cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills tells of trying something else first. If you use Dodd's Kidney Pills first,

THEY FIXED UP THE POSTMASTER

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA

That was Three Years ago and He is Still Cured—Why You Should Try Dodd's Kidney Pills First.

Elliston, Trinity Bay, Nfld. (Special).—The Dodd's Kidney Pills not only cure Sciatica and Lumbago, but cure it once and for all, is the experience of Mr. Alfred Crew, postmaster here.

"Yes," the postmaster says in telling his story, "it is in three years since I had Pains in my Back, Cramps across my Loins, and I found it hard to stand up straight. I did not sleep well, and the pains were unrefreshing. I was medically attended, but without getting any benefit, and at last I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes altogether and they took the pains away and quite cured me."

Nearly every cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills tells of trying something else first.

If you use Dodd's Kidney Pills first you will never need to try "something else." They always cure the diseases of the Kidneys and all diseases that are caused by sick Kidneys.

Why Americans Are Coming

The American emigration into the Canadian west, which promises to be the most important on record, is more than ever based upon a sound appreciation of prospective values of farm lands and farm products, says the Toronto Globe. The world-wide competition has made the pattern corner in the Chicago pig market indicate a continuous shortage in the wheat supplies of every country, and high prices for grain are predicted by the best authorities for the next year to come. The west will still be sufficient to meet the demand, but the recent advance in prices is a considerable addition to the revenue of the country unestimated at the beginning of the season. The American farmers who are going into that territory realize that a much larger return can be realized upon their capital than if it remained invested in farm lands in the western States.

Probably the ocean is treacherous because it is full of craft.

Most men expect their wives to be religious for the whole family.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat, frequently puts a strain upon the system and produces internal conditions that are painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Biscuits. Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

"Was there ever any insanity in your family?"

"I don't know. You see none of us has ever been tried for murder."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A Query

When the new 500-button dress becomes popular how long will it be before men are called upon to button just like women?—Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Warts are ugly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

The men that make the history for other men to record are rarely ever bookworms.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Was All Right

The St. Louis Hostess—I am afraid you will find our Missouri water rather unpleasant to your taste.

The Guest—O, not at all, madam.

It's the best that I ever ate.—Judge.

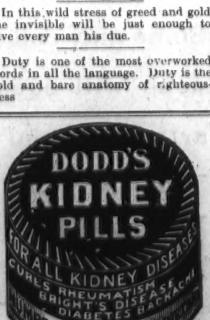
Mooney's
Any time—
Anywhere—
Anybody—

Mooney's Biscuits are always welcome—for all occasions—and delight young and old alike with their appetizing crispness and dainty deliciousness.

THE MOONEY BISCUIT & CANDY CO. LIMITED

STRATFORD, ONTARIO,
HAMILTON,
SYDNEY,
WINNIPEG,
CALGARY,
VANCOUVER.

125



Love and the Mails.

By FRANKLIN TREMPER.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Everybody said she would either give out or give up before the end of the year. It was hard work for an able-bodied man, and Madge was only a slim young girl, so frail that, according to Miss Winter, she looked as if a breath could blow her away. Her father had no business to let her do.

Madge thought she knew her father and herself better than her neighbors did or possibly could. She listened when they advised, but she said nothing. Duty and necessity had laid out a certain way for her, and she must travel in it.

Her father had never been strong in health or successful in business, but that was no fault of his. After her mother's long illness and death he had found himself possessed of only \$100, an old wagon and Plato.

Plato was a mustang, clean limbed, wiry enough as a race horse. Drive him fifteen miles and he would travel as a sheep; let him stand in a week and walls and ropes were not able to



"NO USE," HE SAID, SHAKING HIS HEAD, "IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THIS."

He was not worth \$100 to sell, but he was worth ten times that to Madge, who loved him.

She and her father talked over their affairs seriously. Westmore did not offer a variety of paying employments.

"There's the rural free delivery routes," Madge said at last when she had thought of everything else. "Plato would be a dandy for making time. Dad, you don't you try a route?"

"Why, I will!" cried her father, brightening. "I'll put in my bid this very day."

The bid was accepted. The pay was good, and Plato could do his share in earning it. All that summer Mr. Hill rode faithfully. His pale face grew brown, and he began to cough less and eat more.

Late in fall something happened. It was at the time of the settled rains, which ought to have been snow, and the roads were deep in mud whenever wheels went. Madge's father came home one night wet and shivering. Next morning he was sick, and a doctor had to be called.

"A bad cold," he said. "You mustn't stir out of the house again until I tell you to."

"Don't worry about the route, dad," Madge said when the old doctor had gone. "I'll go in your place. You know I'm perfectly capable."

She would listen to no protest. She made up a good fire and put fuel within her father's reach. And she would try to return on time so that he need not worry about her.

This was the beginning of Madge's winter work. Her father did not improve. Each day he and Plato went bravely to their task. The work was the only work at her hand to do and she must do it.

One day three miles out of Westmore, on the return of the old wagon, which had been valiantly laboring through the mud at Plato's unmerciful heels, it sagged and sank suddenly at one end. Madge gave a little cry as she saw the rear axle was broken. What should she do? There was no house near, and it was bitter cold.

As she pondered she heard the sound of a team approaching behind her. Presently there came in sight a buggy drawn by a pair of lively bay horses, which a young man in a light coat drove.

"Hello! What's the matter there?" he called. Then as he saw Madge's worried girl's face under the man's cap he lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon," he said.

In an instant he was out of the buggy and beside Madge, bending to examine the broken axle. "No use," he said, shaking his head. "It's a goner. Are you all right?"

Madge nodded in a disconsolate way he added brightly: "Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll just tack your rig on behind mine and unload your traps. That will make your wagon lighter, and it may travel to town all right. I'll drive you there and help

you the best I can with the rest of your delivering."

Madge could scarcely thank him for saving her, but she thought she recognized the team as one that occasionally careered at full speed through the Westmore streets. She helped him transfer her traps and get Plato in place. Then she climbed into his buggy and let him tuck her up under his fur robe.

"Pretty cold?" he said, peeping into her face. "I'm going to get you home as quick as I can. By the way, I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Don Cary."

"And mine is Madge Hill," said Madge. She was beginning to feel warm and reassured.

In spite of the delay it was only a few moments past 6 when Don drew his bays to a halt at Madge's own door.

"We've made excellent time," he said. "Now, Miss Madge, if you are willing, I'll just take your wagon round to Tom Wick's shop and leave it to be repaired. I don't think Tom has gone home yet."

"Oh, you're so good! You've taken so much trouble. I'll just breathen, I can't thank you enough."

Her father sighed with relief as she entered the house. He had a good fire, the table set and was frying meat and potatoes for supper. "You dear, brave little girl," he said remorsefully. "If I was only half a man!"

"Now, dad, you shan't say that!" Madge cried. Then she laughed softly. "I've just seen some news," and told him what had happened, adding, "Who's Don Cary, dad?"

"Why, he must be one of the Carys up Northfield way," her father said and could tell her nothing more.

Next day, when Madge went to get her wagon, she found it not only repaired, but polished for her. After that she often found him waiting for her in the large box at the junction of the Westmore and Northfield roads—a box of candy, a new book or a pretty basket of figs or dates. There was no sign to tell whence they came, but Madge knew, and the knowledge made her heart wondrous light.

On Sunday morning in church Madge felt the influence of a strong gaze upon her. Her eyes looked straight into Don Cary's eyes. After church he walked home with her.

She tried to thank him for all his kindness, but he pretended not to understand. After that he came several times to the church and each time accompanied her home. Miss Winter noticed him.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, your year will soon be up," Miss Winter said a month later, dropping in to chat with Madge, who was very sewing. "You'll have held out wonderfully, and I never thought you'd be able to take it another year."

"No," Madge answered gently.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge Hill's going to be married soon, as her year is up as carrier," she announced that same afternoon to a group of her cronies. "She's going to marry Don Cary, who's a doctor."

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, your year will soon be up," Miss Winter said a month later, dropping in to chat with Madge, who was very sewing.

"You'll have held out wonderfully, and I never thought you'd be able to take it another year."

"No," Madge answered gently.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge Hill's going to be married soon, as her year is up as carrier," she announced that same afternoon to a group of her cronies. "She's going to marry Don Cary, who's a doctor."

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

"I saw that young Cary walking home with you from church yesterday," she said. "He's the biggest catch up Northfield way. His father's a doctor, that they say, and Don Cary is only child."

She was at home sitting rather sadly silent one Sunday afternoon when the doorbell rang. Madge went to answer the ring and saw Don Cary smiling and powdered white with snowflakes.

"Will you let me come in, snow and all?" he asked.

Madge was only too glad. She had forgotten everything at the sight of him.

"Well, I thought as much," Miss Winter said, squinting sharply at Madge's sewing.

"Madge has got a beau sure enough," she thought, and she went straightway to interrogate Madge.

Some Remarkable Facts

Fine Artistic Printing

If you were ill and sent for a doctor wouldn't you have enough confidence in him to follow his instructions? Why, of course, any sane person would because he is a specialist and thoroughly understands your needs and will recommend what he knows to be best for you.

Will you not let this same reasoning apply to your needs in office and business stationery. The people that have seen our work say that we are specialists in this line. If you will put your work into our hands we will give you the best treatment possible. Our Job Work is the result of a careful study in the printing and advertising art worked out by thoroughly competent artists, with the latest styles of type and modern machinery to help them.

Plain Stationery

If it is plain private Stationery you want we have it and can supply you at a smaller price than anybody else in town.

Foothills Job Print & News Co., Ltd.

Head Office: COLEMAN, ALBERTA

- USE -

New Life

FOR

Stomach

Trouble

E. MORINO

General Contractor in

Stone, Brick, Cement,
Excavating, Building

Coke Ovens a Specialty

All work guaranteed
See me for Estimates

Coleman Liquor Store

In Your Trunk

snugly packed where it usually
to get at is a good place to put
a bottle of

Good Old Sherry

before leaving to take that trip.
If you want to add a bottle of
health invigorating Rye or
Bourbon we can supply. Our
store is the best place to get
good liquors at. Prices are
always reasonable.

W. EVANS

Wholesale Liquor Dealer

Saturday Specials

Spring Lamb
Spring Chicken
Fresh Turkey
Empire Creamery Butter
Fresh layed Eggs

P. Burns & Co.

Limited

Coleman

Livery

Every attention
given to trav-
elers and the local
public

Reliable Horses, Good Rigs

General Draying Business Done

Wm. Haley, Proprietor

For Sale

Have closed deal whereby I can sell
320 acres war grant, \$1.65 per acre.
Choose land any time up to 1910!

CAPTAIN COOPER,

Box 412, Calgary, Alberta

Goods called for and returned

E. C. GOOEY, Proprietor



Summons for payment of account of teeth. The most scientific known to the profession.

Visits Coleman monthly

CAMPBELL & FAWCETT

Barristers, Notary Publics

Office: Over Chow Sam's Restaurant

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

COLIN MACLEOD

Solicitor

Barrister

ETC.

MCKENZIE, McDONALD & WATT

Advocates, Notaries, Etc.

Office, Macleod. Branch at Charsloin

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY

M. McKenzie, J. W. McDonald, J. R. Watt

DRAY LINE

We wish to inform the people of Coleman that we are prepared to do all kinds of draying at the shortest notice. We have some of the best horses in the country and other equipment is strictly first-class.

We solicit your patronage and guarantee satisfaction

Joseph Plante

Yai Lee Co. Store Restaurant
OPPOSITE OPERA HOUSE

Prepared to serve good meals
Meal Tickets, good for twenty
one Meals \$6.00

W. J. Lighthart

Plastering
Brick Laying
Mortar Work
Wood Fibre Plastering a specialty
Work done with neatness and dispatch

LUDWIGSBURG, ALBERTA

</